The Phantom Shotgun

A New York Mystery Story With a New Twist

By S. C. ARTHUR

captain aloud. "Why, the man read

sinister meanings in the merest trifles

like a shoemaker's apron."

The captain saw that Forbes was made as comfortable as possible, then

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The steamship Minerra starts for New Oriests carrying among her passengers Hamilton Forbes, a Wall Street magnate, and Elizabeth his new well if formerly his stenographer. Marshall are watching the bride and bridegroon on deck a stranger accosts Elizabeth. She shrieks "Vani" and faints. As Forbes seeks to lift her the stranger accosts Elizabeth. She shrieks "Vani" and stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking stranger cars: "Don't touch her or I'll kill you!" with all the boose he's been tucking tunder his belt is enough to make him see a limost anything. In any case almost anything. In any case reported to Forbes, who cries in terror: "It he'll sleep it off and wake up in his means my life is threatened! He's going to kill the previous of the previous carries to t

CHAPTER III.

The Curious Cipher Code.

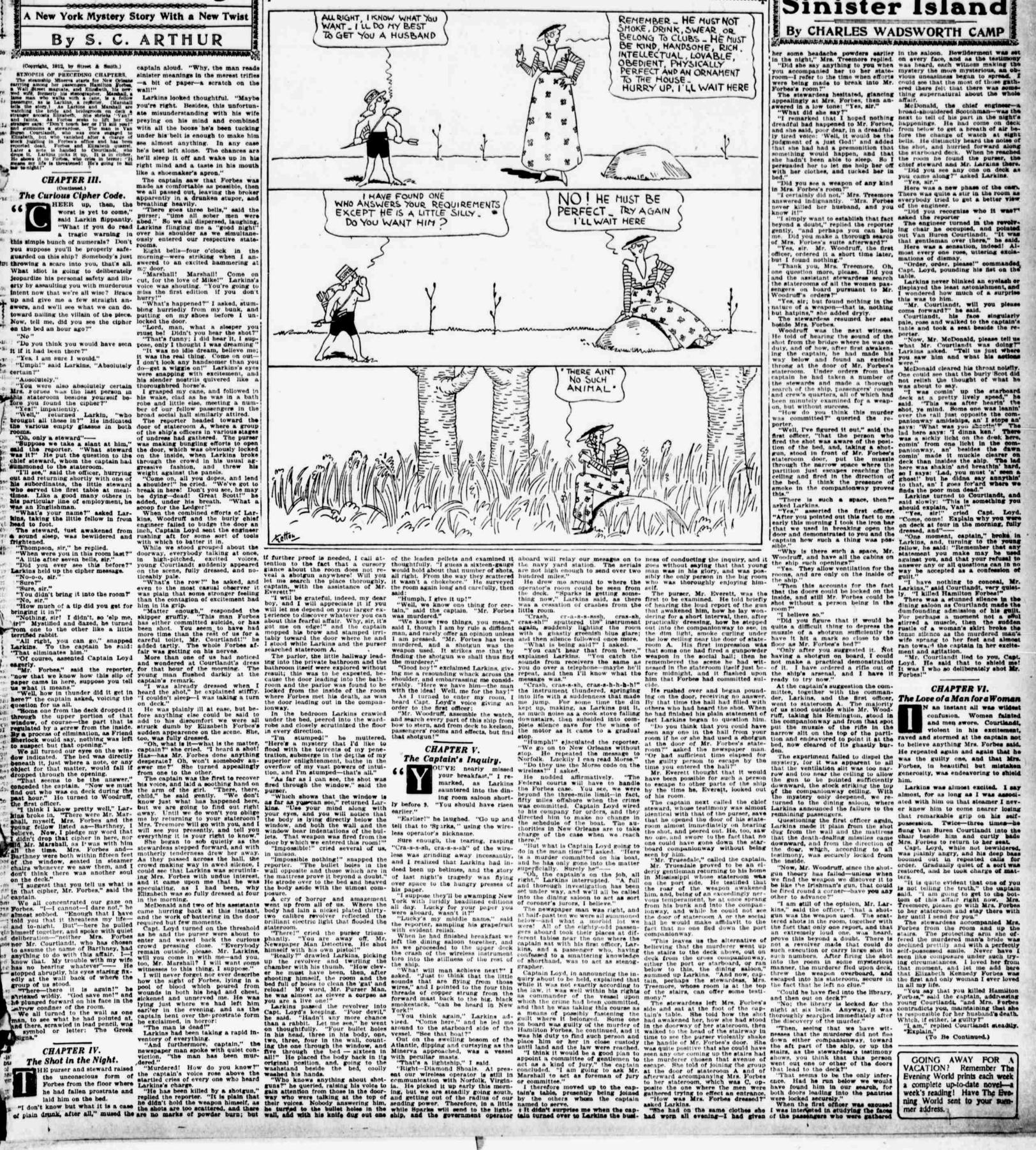
HEER up, then, the worst is yet to come, said Larkin flippantly. "What if you do read a tragic warning in over his shoulder as we simultaned out his ship? Somebody's just morning—were striking when I anserted on this ship? Somebody's just morning—were striking when I anserted on this ship? Somebody's just morning—were striking when I anserted on this ship? guarded on this ship? Somebody's just morning—were striking when I anthrowing a scare into you, that's all, swered to an excited hammering at What idiot is going to deliberately jeopardize his personal safety and liberately by assaulting you with murderous voice was shouting. "You're going to intent now that we're all wise? Brace miss the first edition if you don't up and give me a few straight an"What's happened?" I asked, stum-

intent now that we're all wise? Brace up and give me a few straight answers, and we'll see what we can do toward nailing the villain of the piece. Now, tell me, did you see the cipher en the bed an hour ago?"
"No"
"Do you think you would have seen it if it had been there?"
"Yes I am sure I would."
"Umphi" said Larkins, "Absolutely certain?"
"Absolutely."
"You were also absolutely certain this stateroom besides yourself before you found the cipher?"
"Yes!" impatiently.
"Yes!" impatiently.
"Well," returned Larkin, "who brought all these in?" He indicated the various empty glasses in both rooms.
"Oh, only a steward"—
"Buppose we take a slant at him," aid the reporter. "What steward the reporter. "What steward was it?" He put the question to the chief steward, whom the captain had "I'll see," said the officer, hurrying out and returning shortly with one of his subordinates, the little stoward who served the first table at mealtimes. Like a good many others in his particular line of employment, he was an Englishman.
"What's your name?" asked Larkins, the little stoward who served the first table at mealtimes. Like a good many others in his particular line of employment, he was an Englishman.
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"What's your name?" asked Larkins, who be through the crowd in his usual aggressive fashion, and threw his weight against the panels.
"Come on, all you doors, and followed in his usual aggressive fashion, and threw his weight against the panels.
"When were you in this room last?"
"A lite after seven bells, sir."
"Did you ever see this before?"
Larkins held up the cipher message.
"No-o-o, sir."
"A lite of the seen of the first table and the combined efforts of Larkins, and the c

Watchful Waiting

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By Maurice Ketten





NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD Sinister Island

By CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP

know it!"

"I simply want to establish that fact beyond a doubt," replied the reporter gently, "and perhaps you can beip me. Did you make a thorough search of Mrs. Forber's suite afterward?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Woodruff, the first officer, ordered it a short time later, but I found nothing."

"Thank you, Mrs. Treemore. Oh, one question more, please. Did you recognize who it wast asked the reporter.

The engineer turned in the revolving chair he occupied, and pointed out Van Buren Courtlandt. "It was that gentleman over there," he said.

Here was a sensation, indeed! Almatic variations of dismay.

"Order, order, please!" commanded, cand the tasked the reporter.

but I found nothing."

"Thank you, Mrs. Treemore. Oh, one question more, please. Did you and the assistant stewardess search the staterooms of all the women passengers on board pursuant to Mr. Woodruff's orders?"

"Yes, sir; but found nothing in the nature of a weapon—that is, nothing but hatpins," she added dryly.

The stewardess resumed her seat boside Mrs. Forbes.

Woodruff was the next witness. He told of hearing the sound of the shot from the bridge where he was on duty, and of how, after first awakening the captain, he had made his way below and found an excited throng at the door of Mr. Forbes's stateroom. Under orders from the were."

McDonald cleared his throat noisity.

her some headache powders earlier in the night," Mrs. Treemore repiled. "Did she say anything to you when you accompanied her to her state-room—I refer to the time when efforts were being made to break into Mr. Forbes's room?"

The stewarders hesitated, glancing appealingly at Mrs. Forbes, then answered in a low tone: "Yes, sir."

"What did she say?"

"I remarked that I hoped nothing dreadful had happened to Mr. Forbes, and she said, poor dear, in a dreadfully tired voice: "Well, it would be the judgment of a just God!" and added that she had had a premonition that something would happen, and that she hadn't been able to sleep. So I persuaded her to let me help her off with her clothes, and tucked her in bed."

"Did you see a weapon of any kind in Mrs. Forbes's room?"

"I certainly did not," Mrs. Treemore answered indignantly. "Mrs. Forbes never killed her husband, and you know it!"

"I simply want to establish that fact beyond a doubt," replied the reporter

The engineer turned in the revolv-